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KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

KNOCKING OUT MATCH BETWEEN "JUSTICE," BETTER KNOWN AS THE "BLIND SLUGGER," AND PREX THE BUSTER, ALIAS "CASHIER THE CRIBBER."

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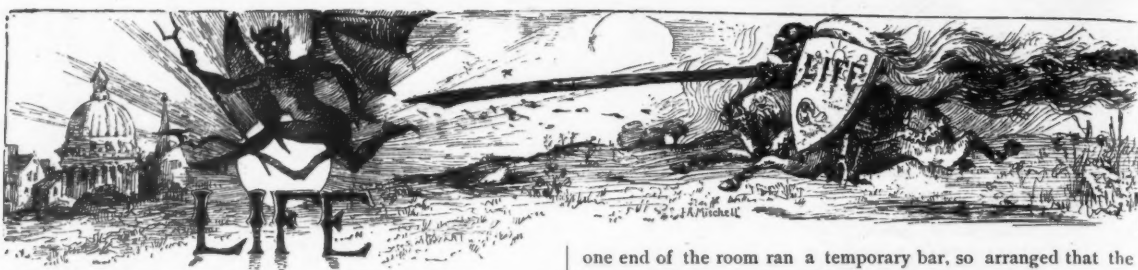
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RED Dog, Arizona, is a town which boasts of frontier saloons, a graveyard, a justice of the peace, nine Egyptian or Pharaoh banks, and a hotel. There was once a church, but the Rev. Mr. Silas Brown, who ran it, incautiously undertook one day to hold four aces against the Justice of the Peace, while that gentleman was somewhat overheated, and as a result of his rashness, was made a real estate owner under the weeping willow in the lot adjoining. His flock was scattered, and the scene of his labors drifted gradually into decay and contempt and finally passed under the sheriff's hammer and became a barn.

Four weeks ago Mr. Elisha Perkins, a celebrated revivalist of Peoria, Illinois, was delegated by the Conference to evangelize Arizona, and selected Red Dog as the initial point of his campaign. His coming was the signal for bonfires and other exuberant tokens of border enthusiasm; the Justice of the Peace had a speech written and only failed to deliver it because it was found impossible to prop him up when the hour came; the local band was uproariously seranadeful, and when the Rev. Mr. Perkins disheveled himself for the night, he had reason, indeed, to feel certain that the cohorts of Satan were in wild dismay. Now, it so happened that the only mention of Mr. Perkins on the dodgers which profusely announced his coming to Red Dog, was the single line:

"PERKINS, REVIVALIST."

There were no dictionaries in Red Dog; the hotel-keeper thought that revival meant either a prize-fight or a species of circus; the doctor was impressed with recollections that it signified a scheme run somewhat on the principle of a lottery; and the justice of the peace was convinced it was a renaissance of cock-fighting, of which sanguinary sport he was particularly fond. The adherents of each theory wrangled until the midnight was far gone, and then retired with their boots on to wait the issue. When the Rev. Mr. Perkins met the assembled company in the hotel dining-room next morning, he was somewhat surprised to be greeted with three vigorous cheers, and to behold a twenty-four foot ring with liberal sawdust pitched in the centre of the room, while in one corner were sponges, vinegar and coops containing the justice's gamest poultry. On the wall the doctor had arranged a blackboard, to be in readiness for the lottery, and along

one end of the room ran a temporary bar, so arranged that the guests might be supplied without taking their eyes off the entertainment, whatever it might be.

Somewhat startled by his lusty reception, and certainly at a loss to understand the elaborate preparations which had been going forward, the Rev. Mr. PERKINS took his position in the centre of the ring, and, amid breathless silence and expectation, gave out the opening hymn.

It was met with open-mouthed wonder and silence, save from one of the coops in the corner, where one of the justice's pets shrilled a vigorous defiance.

"Thet 's him," said the justice, hoarsely; "wip'd BILL TWIGGES brown yisterd'y, colder 'n p'ison."

The Rev. Mr. PERKINS gave out another verse. Then the doctor leaned over the ropes.

"There's four tenderfoots yar," he whispered. "Spread the lay-out, 'n clean 'em."

"Dearly beloved brethren," faltered the Rev. Mr. PERKINS.

"Kin ye knock out JIM BAGGS?" queried the hotel-keeper.

"I fear there has been some mistake here, my good friends," began the Rev. Mr. PERKINS, the cold beads of anxiety standing out on his brow.

Mr. JIM BAGGS leaped into the ring. He had but one eye, but the badness of it could have been divided with propriety.

"Put up your dukes," he said. Then he led out with his left. The Rev. Mr. PERKINS contemplated the ceiling. When thirty seconds had passed, the justice called time. The Rev. Mr. PERKINS was still suffering, and did not rise.

"Gimme the stakes," said Mr. BAGGS. The hotel-keeper passed over \$67.50, which had been thoughtfully collected at the door. Then Mr. BAGGS went through the convivial ceremony known as setting them up, and departed.

Half an hour later the Rev. Mr. PERKINS arose, and had a long and confidential talk with the hotel-keeper.

Last Sunday he again addressed the conference in Peoria.

OUR esteemed brindle contemporary the *Telegram*, says that Mr. Booth, the actor, is going to take up his residence for the summer near Purgatory. There is only one place near Purgatory, but it is not generally known as a summer resort. Our contemporary can ill afford to be ambiguous in such a case, and as Mr. Booth has many warm friends both in this country and Europe, we feel that an explanation would not be out of place.

THAT howl for Blaine seemed to be settling down into a sort of Peruvian bark.

IT is reported that the next Arctic expedition will be entirely composed of those who have become acclimated while working the boom for Mr. EDMUNDS.



THE WANING OF THE HONEYMOON.—Scene, Richfield Springs.

Wife (to husband who has promised to spend the evening at home): DO TAKE SOME COFFEE.

Hubby: NO, IT KEEPS ME AWAKE.

BEGGARS' HORSES.

I WISH that altitude of tone,
The waist-band's due expansion,
The faculty to hold one's own
In this and t' other mansion;
And shirts and shoes and moral force,
Top-coats and over-gaiters,
Were things that always came of course
To philosophic waiters.

I wish that not by twos and threes,
In squads, and plural numbers,
Young women would destroy one's ease
Of mind, and route one's slumbers;
But that, if by a poor heart's squirms
Their pleasures know accession,
They 'd hold it for successive terms
In several possession.

I wish I had been changed at birth,
And in my place maturing
Some infant of surpassing worth,
Industrious past curing,
Had grown up subject to my share
In Father Adam's blunder,
And left me free to pile up care
For him to stagger under!

I wish that some things could be had
Without foregoing others;
That all the joys that are not bad
Were not weighed down with bothers.
We can but wonder as we test
The scheme of compensations—
Is happiness with drawbacks best,
Or grief with consolations?

BOOMLETS.

A FACETIOUS New York daily announces the arrest of Jas. D. Fish thus:

FISH HOOKED!

It really looks as if he did; but what is the use of this slangy reiteration?

* * *

GENERAL GRANT is evidently not versed in Ward politics.

* * *

AH me! I was too beautiful to last.—Roscoe Conkling.

* * *

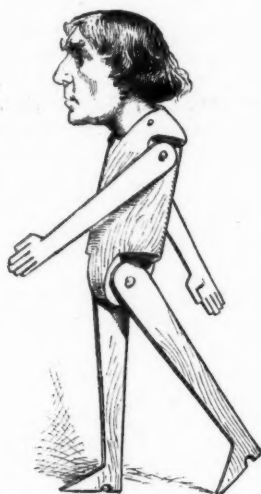
I now spell my last name with a K.—John C. Keno.

* * *

Grant to Fish: "I intend to fight it out on this line!"

Fish to Grant: "It will probably take all summer. Go ahead!"

The Impressions read beautifully. We learn—from Hatton, not Henry—how horrid it is to be side tracked and snow-bound on an American railway. We learn a deal, too, of the feelings and sentiments which work in the Hatton midriff on the occasion of a Boston supper at which Henry, being elsewhere employed, is not present in the flesh. We learn how murders are committed in Texas, how car-porters fall asleep; how the ticket speculators play the devil with American pockets; how Hatton likes this or does n't like that; a little how Hatton can be funny, and a great deal how he can't; I, Hatton, myself, Hatton, me and Irving; me some more, me every time, with a little Henry every now and then like a dash of Tobasco to disguise the natural flavor. Oh, yes, certainly, we get considerable of an Impression. "But it can scarcely, without undue enlargement of truth, be justly called "Irving's Impression of America," except on the pivot and hole principle by which this could be taken as



AMERICA'S IMPRESSION OF IRVING.

"FARE five cents," said a man in an inquiring tone, as he pushed a coin through the ticket-seller's window at an Elevated station.

"Yes," replied the agent, as he examined the spurious nickel. "Your five cents is fair, but unmistakably false!" and the two gazed at each other with a look of bewildering sadness, as they parted—perhaps for ever.

"DID you notice the age and size of the man who drew this check, Mr. Waddle?" said the bookkeeper to the head of the firm, trying to identify the document.

"Did n't notice," answered the head. "Can't you tell by the check?"

A NESTOR—A setting hen.

HOW LONG SHALL WE STAND THIS?

From the Ludlow St. Home Journal.

ANOTHER outrage has been committed in the name of the law. Mr. John C. Keno, who was until recently the president of the Xteenth National Bank, and whose term expired with much profit not to say honor to himself, has had to submit to an outrageous interference on the part of a United States Marshall and his deputies, who presumed to enter the ex-President's house for the purpose of laying hands on him.

We offer our solemn protest against this infringement upon the sacred rights of a citizen of our free land. Are our Bank Presidents to have no immunity from this reckless administration of so called justice? What has Mr. Keno done that he should forfeit his right to judicial consideration?

True the gentleman misappropriated some four million of dollars, which by the iniquitous hoarding on the part of depositors had accumulated in his bank, but can anyone conscientiously regard this as anything but an error of judgment?

We think it showed the presence of a large amount of moral courage on the part of Mr. Keno, that he left untouched the remaining few billion dollars in the vaults of his bank, and in leaving the building, the office desks, chairs, cushions and other chattels of the bank, intact the gentleman has evinced a surprising amount of personal integrity.

If Mr Keno had been a common thief or a poor man guilty of the heinous crime of stealing bread for his starving family, outraged justice would have demanded his instant incarceration, and the Marshal might today be sustained by some public sentiment for his actions. But no, Mr. Keno was not of this low order, and the Marshal must be brought to answer for his officious conduct.

It is a matter of regret that Mr. Keno was absent, unavoidably of course, when the incident occurred, for we feel sure that the innate sense of moral chivalry in a man of his character, would have impelled him to take personal measures to wipe out the stain on his hearth.

We agree with the ex-President's relatives in saying that Mr. Keno has done nothing for which he should blush, and has acted all along in accordance with the strictest moral principles as laid down in the Revised code for Bank Presidents.

Concerning the actions of the Canadian authorities in allowing a free-born American embezzler to be interfered with while peacefully preparing to leave the country, we have nothing to say, as Canada is outside of our pale. It is none the less undignified, however, in so great a power as Canada to sanction any such interference, and we take great pleasure in thus stating our mind.

We wish Mr. Keno a profitable trip in Europe, and trust he will not return until he has quite recovered from the wounds which the untold occurrences of the past two weeks must have inflicted upon his honor,—that is, if he goes to Europe.

J. K. B.

A ROAMING SINGER.

BY F. MARRY'EM CRAWFISH.

I.

I CORNMEALIO BRANDI, who tell you these things, have a tale of my own about Mimo, of whom a few of you have undoubtedly heard. To begin with, I was not always as old as I am, but I have always been candid and frank in the extreme. You will find that out as you go along. I acknowledge that I am garrulous and cowardly, but I am more vain than either, and, above all, I am mean. Yes, I am stingy; there is no doubt about it. But Marianna (an apoplexy seize upon her!), she is extravagant; she eats a whole soda biscuit for tea! I love my cigar and Mimo—my dear boy, Mimo! If you will listen patiently I will tell you a story about him. It is an improbable story, and so I will omit the details. Details are hard to manage when the plot is unnatural, and then—Corpo di Bacco!—I have no time to waste. I have to write three more stories this year!

Mimo is not my own son, and this is how he came to me: The carrier brought him; and a dirtier little boy you never saw. All he had on was one shoe and a battered hat, and he was always singing at the top of his voice, upsetting his soup, and throwing his bread down the well. In a word, he was not well-bred. Moreover, he was an ugly child, with great black eyes with ink-saucers under them. He is just the same now, only his eyes are bigger and the saucers are almost dinner-plates. But he was always as ugly as his voice was beautiful. Dio Mio! How that boy could sing!



HE OPENED HIS MOUTH AND SANG. "DO-O-O-O!"

One Sunday (I remember it was Sunday, because Marianna gave me two sardines for supper), while Mimo was still little, Signor Charcole de Pronis, the great musician, came to see me. Mimo had learned several songs, but his voice had cracked some months before.

"Come here to the piano and sing," said the Maestro, and he went through several airs himself; but Mimo hung back and said it was too late in the evening.

"See, we will try a scale." De Pronis struck a chord.

"Now, open your mouth—so. Do-o-o-o!" He uttered a long, loud note.

Mimo could not resist it. He opened his mouth and sang.

"Do-o-o-o" (as he heard the sound of his own voice, he gained confidence and forgot himself) "Do-o-o-n't you make a noise or else you'll wake the ba—"

"Diavolo!" cried the musician. "A pest upon the boy! He sings like a nightingale. His fortune is made. He can be the first tenor of the age. He can sing with Patti and go to London and Boston, and be a great man."

"No, no," I said. "I will make a philosopher of him, like myself."

"Diamini!" the Maestro ejaculated. "You are mad! His lower register is superb, and with the aid of the Buon Dio and the man who plays the flageolet he can sing the highest note ever heard behind the foot-lights! Leave him to me. I will give him lessons and train him for nothing."

So it was settled. Mimo was to be a singer.

II.

IT was really not so long ago—only one year. Up and down the streets the sirocco was blowing, hats were flying, and men were calling on the Diavolo to take the wind. Mimo and I went to St. Peter's to hear Signor Charcole sing. It was very crowded inside, as a great many had come in to get warm, and I found myself pushed against a tall man, who wore a fierce gray mustache—yellowish it was, almost ash color.

When the people sank down for the prayer, I saw that on the other side of him sat a young lady. She was dressed all in black, and her features stood out wonderfully clear and bright against the darkness. Her face looked as if it was made of ice-cream, it was so cold. Her complexion was vanilla and strawberry mixed, while her eyes were large and blue, and her hair was red. Then I caught sight of Mimo. He had one hand over his eyes, but was looking at her between his fingers as if he would devour her.

When the service was over we waited for de Pronis to come down from the organ-loft, and while the foreigners were standing at one side near a pillar, we saw the maestro stop and speak to them. In a moment he joined us.

"Who are they? What are their names? Where do they live?" asked Mimo of him.

"Salvini!" ejaculated de Pronis. "I believe you love her! She is a contessina and the old party's daughter. He is a Prussian and a count. His name is von Fira. And she? Her name is Redvigia—Redwig, the Germans call it—and she is a pupil of mine."

"Redwig von Fira," murmured the boy. "Ah, but she is beautiful! I am determined to marry her."

"Body of Diana! You marry her! You are a donkey." I could call him this truly because he was in love.

"We will see. El siembro tomato vermicelli," he said, in our strong, honest Italian. I believed him. Mimo means what he says.

By the next day he had devised a plan for making her acquaintance. He determined to disguise himself as a professor of Italian literature and if possible give her lessons. The disguise was easy. By dropping a few spots on his coat, crushing in his hat a little and scenting himself with one of my most villainous cigars, he was sufficiently disreputable. He sought the count's apartments. Ascending the steps of the palazzo, he crossed the pi-

zarro and entering the porto-rico, agitated the tintinnabulator. The liveried footman took up his card, and showed him into the salon. Mimo was nervous, but he remembered that the count was a Prussian officer and friend of Bismarck, and he knew enough not to mention American pork. The way I know all about this is because Mimo told me afterwards. I am a safe person to confide in. I never give anything away—to give away is extravagant.



"EL SIEMBRO TOMATO VERMICELLI!"

When Mimo made known his errand, the count bowed low. "Signore," he said, "before I my daughter to the hands of a man—proposing—to teach commit, I desire to be satisfied that you this literature know."

"I perceive," replied the young lover. "Examine me, Signor Conte."

After he had creditably answered numerous difficult questions he was installed as Redwig's instructor, and thenceforward he saw her three times a week. Meanwhile he studied hard at his art, because he was soon to make his appearance in the opera.

"You will be sorry for what you have done," I said to him. "She will never care for you. She is too cold. How can you fall in love with an ice-cream image? Diavolo! You are, moreover, deceiving the count. When you make your *debut* he will find out that you are not a professor at all, and it will fare ill with you. You think he is so old he will not realize the state of affairs. He is lame, but he is vigorous and wide-awake. And-damo! I tell thee there are no flies on the count!"

(I would like to go into details here and waste two or three pages in describing to you my feelings and what I would have done had I been young and in love like him, but—Bigolli!—you are in haste to hear how it all turned out, and I will tell you that in another chapter.)

A MUSICAL cognomen—Doremus.

TRIOLETS.

Jeunesse et Vieillesse.

I.

HE.

"WILL you have me, Jeanette,
Though I ain't an Apoller?
I'm old, too, and yet
Will you have me, Jeanette?
My money you'll get,
And you have n't a dollar.
Won't you have me, Jeanette,
Though I ain't an Apoller?"

II.

SHE.

"My answer is—yes,
And I blush when I say it;
But still, I confess,
My answer is, yes;
For gold will redress
Distaste and allay it.
So my answer is—yes,
Though I blush when I say it."



THE American Jockey Club is to be congratulated upon having completed the most brilliant and successful meeting, both in point of attendance and racing, that has ever been held at Jerome Park. To be sure, the long winter respite from the enjoyment of racing served to bring out many, but the accessibility of the place and its natural beauties make it most pleasing and refreshing. The better element, such as is not seen at any other course, was in constant attendance.

YACHTSMEN are eagerly awaiting the first annual regatta of the New York Yacht Club, which is announced for Thursday, the 12th inst., and will doubtless prove successful. The annual Corinthian match of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Club is to take place on Saturday, the 14th.

THE struggle at base-ball for the League championship is becoming interesting. Boston and Providence are still in the van, with New York a very good third. The base-ball fever seems to be greater than ever, by the way. Scarcely a town of five hundred inhabitants is unable to boast of its nine.

IT is rumored that there was much underhand jockeying during the race for the National Prize at Chicago last week.

SOME HIGH SCHOOL RIDING.



COME TO THE PARK TO SEE HOW THESE
HAWERICAN FELLAWS RIDE. DONTCHERKNOW!

THE REV. DOCTOR RIGHTSORT
TAKES HIS RESTS FROM
HIS MENTAL LABORS IN
THIS WAY. HE
DONT BELIEVE
IN TRIPS TO
EUROPE,
PARTICULARLY
AT OTHER PEOPLES
EXPENSE.

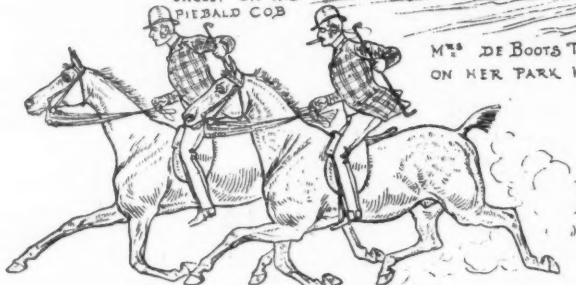


LORDS DUFF & BLUFF.



TOMMY TUCKER
ON HIS
SHETLAND RAT.

MAJOR DRUM DE BOOTS, HIS
UNCLE, ON HIS
PIEBALD COB



MRS DE BOOTS TUCKER
ON HER PARK HACK

MISS ISABELLA DE BRAGANZA
ON A TALL GRAY, AS GOOD
A CARRIAGE, AS A SADDLE
HORSE.



HERE ARE OUR TANDEM FRIENDS CODGERS & PODGERS. CODGERS
ON HIS THOROUGHBRED LEADER, PODGERS ON THE WHEELER.



AM! EXCELLENT RIDING
BY THESE GOOD FELLOWS.

AN! MY DEAR SIR,
DON'T YOU FLY AWAY!

A HUNTING LADY.
RIDES A THOROUGHBRED HUNTER IN THE
PARK MUCH IN THE SAME MANNER SHE WOULD
RIDE HIM TO HOUNDS.



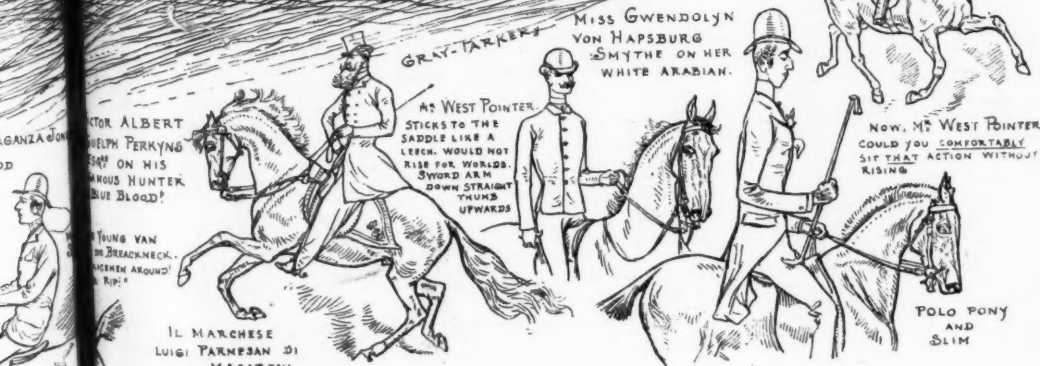
TRYING TO LOSE IT,
THROUGH HIS BACKWARD
SEAT IN THE SADDLE.
THAT HE IS IN THE
HABIT OF RIDING
TO OBSTACLES.



MISS GWENDOLYN
VON HAPSBURG
SMYTHE ON HER
WHITE ARABIAN.



NOW, MR. WEST POINTER
COULD YOU COMFORTABLY
SIT THAT ACTION WITHOUT
RISING?



MR. WEST POINTER
STICKS TO THE
SADDLE LIKE A
LEECH, WOULD NOT
RISE FOR WORLDS.
DOWN STRAIGHT
THROUS
UPWARDS

IL MARCHESE
LUIGI PARNESAN DI
MACARONI

POLO PONY
AND
SLIM

POPULAR SCIENCE CATECHISM.

LESSON XVIII.—The Financier.



WHAT is this?
This, darling, is a financier.
What does a financier do for a living?
He finances.
What is it he finances?
Finance.
Oh! that is very funny, is n't it?
Very.
But what is really his business?
Managing other people's money.

But does he never manage his own?

Oh, yes.

When?

When he has got through managing other people's.

Then whom do the poor neglected people get to manage their money?

Nobody.

Why?

Because they have no money left to manage.

Why! where did it all go?

That is what they would like to find out.

Do they never find out?

Hardly ever.

But how, if the poor financier spends all his time managing other people's money, can he make any money himself?

That is what he is trying to find out.

He? Who?

The District Attorney.

Will he have much trouble in finding out?

That depends.

On what?

The evidence.

Gracious! do they bring the poor financier to trial?
Sometimes.

What for?

For financiering.

But is it a crime to manage other people's money, even if it gradually gets managed into a hole?

Certainly not.

Then what is all the fuss about?

To try and manage some of it out of the hole.

But why didn't the poor financier manage his own money in the first place, and let other people's alone?

Because he had none of his own to manage.

But you said that after managing other people's, he managed his own?

Yes.

How then did he make it?

That is what they would like to know.

Who?

The other people.

But did the poor financier make much out of the management?

Yes, about that much.

About how much?

About as much as the other people put in.

My! financiering must be a very profitable profession?

It is.

Are there many financiers?

Lots.

What do they do after they have made their money?

They salt it.

Why do they salt it?

Because the people they made it out of were too fresh.

But I should think they would take little trips, and vacations and all that sort of thing?

They do, generally.

But you spoke of financiers being tried?

Yes.

Are they ever convicted?

That depends.

On what?

The amount of money they managed.

How if the amount be very, very large?

They are never tried.

How if it be moderately large?

They are tried.

And sentenced?

Oh, no!

But if the amount be only large?

They get six months.

Six months' what?

Vacation.

Where?

In Ludlow street.

But how if the amount be small?

They go up for twenty-five years.

Where?

Sing-Sing.

This short-haired gentleman in the funny striped clothes?

His amount was very small.

Was he convicted of financiering?

Only in the sixth degree.

And what is financiering in the sixth degree?

Burglary.



How time does change things! Four years ago I liked conventions because they attracted the public's attention toward me. This year I love them because they turn the people's attention away from me. But I must write that letter!—U. S. G.

THE CONVENTION.

Special Pneumatic Tube to LIFE.

JUNE 2d, 1884.

WHEN your correspondent arrived in Chicago last night the excitement had risen to fever heat, and the delegates were wild with delirium. Booms continue to pour in from all sides, the latest being one for Hayes as a dark horse. This is to conciliate the New York *Sun*, whose opposition to Blaine is so uncompromising.

A prominent lawyer here tells me that the outlook for the bar was never so promising as at the present, which seems an exceedingly plausible statement, as all the leading candidates have employed the eminent barristers of the Palmer House and other homes of virtue to look after the interests of their canvass.

Mr. Blaine has furnished a *carte blanche* for the delegates at a handsome hall in the city. Why the eminent gentleman whose late literary efforts show such marvellous control over the resources of the English language should call it anything but an "unlimited slate" is beyond my ken; but those who are more intimately acquainted with the inside workings of Mr. Blaine's canvass state that it is a bid for the French vote. This is probably the truth, although it lacks semblance thereof by coming from the Blaine side of the contest.

The delegation of Indiana arrived yesterday in a large soap wagon furnished by Spriggins. The sides were covered with bunting inscribed:

"For President—CHESTER A. ARTHUR.
Vice-President—S. W. DORSEY,
Platform—Cleanliness is Next to Godliness.
Use Spriggins's German Laundry Soap."

Beneath these words were two large portraits of Mr. Arthur—one as Collector of the Port and the other as President. These were labeled respectively:

"BEFORE USING" and "AFTER USING."

This had a great effect upon the people. Soap generally does; but it is feared that it will hurt the President's chances in the Italian quarters, where such a platform is not popular.

Secretary Chandler has not arrived. By a topographical error in the construction of the country, the United States man-of-war "Tallapoosa" could not be used to transport the Secretary of the Knavey from Washington to Chicago, and, as Mr. Chandler had hypothecated all his next year's salary on some dark horse, he had to stay in Washington or walk to the Convention. Owing to an infirmity of his feet which sometimes attacks him—at the same time affecting his eyes with delusions of a duplex nature—he was afraid to attempt the walk, as the roads would be more than usually forked, and he might be lost. However it would affect the happiness of the rest of the world, it would be a bad thing for Mr. Chandler, personally, if he got lost. Hence his absence. To give the gentleman his due, we must say his absence is sincerely felt, as he was unequivocally pledged to support all of the five leading candidates.

Mr. Edmunds has just arrived.

The thermometer has fallen several degrees.

By Cheap Cab Special to LIFE.

JUNE 3d, 1884.

THE Police Court held an early session to accommodate the delegates this morning. Mr. Blaine's managers were on hand, and all fines were paid by them. Mr. Arthur's salary not being due yet, he was unable to be on hand to prevent the minions of the law from locking up a few of his "touters," as they are called, and his boom has received a serious set back, and indications now point to the nomination of Mr. Blaine on the xteenth ballot.

A telegram was received from Mrs. Logan last evening stating that if it was true that Mr. Blaine had given the delegates a *carte blanche* for all the resolution they wanted, she wished her managers to order two of them at her expense, and give them to the Convention as a Logan Memorial. They were ordered. The excitement is getting up again by degrees.

The Convention was called to order at ten this morning by Senator Sabin, who made a very fine speech. In the course of his remarks he said: "I wish the gentlemen (*cheers and applause by the Arkansas delegation*), and furthermore, in the words of General (*more applause*), let us have more (*rapturous cheering, waving of handkerchiefs, and cries of Blaine! Blaine!! Blaine!!!*). But, fellow Republicans, what shall I say concerning the tariff?"

At this point some one in the gallery yelled fire, and every one in the building made a rush for the doors, and in a short time the great hall was empty. Hundreds of spectators were injured, and one Hayes delegate was killed. All the rest of the delegates had previously left the building upon the invitation of Mr. Edmunds, who is beginning to thaw.

This kills the Hayes boom.

When the delegates had been coaxed back to the hall again, Mr. Sabin finished his speech, and the Convention proceeded to organize. Mr. Powell Clayton, an eminent politician from Arkansas, a gentleman of much polish and of exceedingly accommodating principles, was nominated by the Blaine faction, much to the disgust of the Arthur, Edmunds and dark horse contingent, who speedily threw their candidate, Mr. John R. Lynch, in the face of the Blainites, defeating them badly. This is regarded as a black eye for the Blaine boom.

It is not wonderful that it should be so regarded, for Mr. Lynch is a colored man, and made a very personal speech when intimating that he did n't want the honor, although his teeth shone out like a *Sozodont* advertisement at every vote he polled.

Personal business became so pressing at this point, that the Convention adjourned until eleven o'clock to-morrow.

A bulletin has just been exhibited in front of the *Tribune* office announcing that Mr. Hayes has decided not to run, while Mr. Edmunds, after an interview with a prominent police justice, has left town for ten days.

[Private telegram, not from our correspondent.]

JUNE 3d, 1884.

Your correspondent was mistaken for a delegate by the Logan forces yesterday.

He was heard indulging in song at a late hour last night, and has not yet (7 P. M.) made his appearance.

Therefore you need not expect any news to-day, except that one of the Logan *Carte's Blanche* has "gin out" and his chances are diminishing.



THE NEXT MORNING.

MOS' EXTRONNARY! SHLATS 'PEER A' RIGHT, BUT WHA'S BECOME THE MATTRESS?

Mr. Edmunds escaped from his temporary managers and returned to town this morning. He is still somewhat thawed.

Indications point to the nomination of Arthur on the third ballot. He has gained additional strength from a report that Blaine was *Sun-struck* again while indulging in indifference in his garden at Augusta.

The town presents a lurid appearance.

Quite a number of delegates are absent unavoidably. They went out for a sail in a schooner on the invitation of Mr. Hawley, of Connecticut.

Owing to their inability to steer straight they were stranded on the bar!

Out of respect to their memory the Convention adjourned without transacting much business and proceeded to pray for rain, although it is not a dry season.

Your correspondent has just appeared and I resign my pen to him. Send cheque to Burial Committee of Arkansas delegation.

By Private Pigeon to LIFE.

JUNE 4th, 1884.

The Convention adjourned to-day.

It is raining very hard and lightning rods are in demand.

Mr. Edmunds is the only candidate here who is not provided with a rod.

They cost money, and besides it is not likely that Mr. Edmunds will be struck.

The mortality among Booms is increasing.

By Echo to LIFE.

JUNE 5th, 1884.

Business was resumed at ten o'clock this morning. Rumors of deals are rife. The Blaine men claim to have won over 10 votes from Arthur. Mr. Edmunds has captured five more from Blaine and has lost seven to Logan. Mr. Arthur has gained twenty from Logan.

The Blaine men are jubilant over this and Edmunds seems disposed to congeal again.

The names of candidates were presented this evening with more or less ability.

Mr. Blaine's name was presented by Hon. Mr. West. The speaker praised the Plumed Knight and stated that there were none more fitted for the position in the country. He could see no blemishes in the immaculate hero of the field of Mulligan,

This remark created quite a sensation in the Convention and many were inclined to agree with the speaker.

It is proper to remark that Mr. West is blind!

The Convention then adjourned.

By Early Spring Tramp to LIFE.

JUNE 6th, 1884.

The balloting commenced this morning at ten o'clock amidst great excitement. The storm was raging without, and the Edmunds-Independent forces were raging within.

On the first ballot the assembled delegates came to the conclusion, not unanimous, however, that four years of financial depression was necessary to the country's welfare, and Mr. Blaine polled a very large vote, leading the other candidates. Mr. Edmunds then left for home in an ice-box.

The second ballot, polled at 11.30, showed that in the minds of many the peaceful relations between the United States and other nations ought to be ruptured, and the leading light of this new school of thought, Mr. James G. Blaine, received more votes than any other candidate.

A telegram was received at this point from Senator Hawley, stating that "indications pointed to the nomination of a d minus n-e-d lively wooden Indian."

When the roll was called for the third ballot, it became evident that a still larger number of delegates than in any preceding ballot were for the hero of the Mulligan letters, and desired to give the country another dose of humiliation in the shape of James G. Blaine, of Maine.

Gen. Logan, Senator Sherman, Secretary Lincoln and President Arthur became excessively preoccupied at this stage, and informed the Convention that they were only "foolin', anyhow," and would n't take the nomination at any cost.

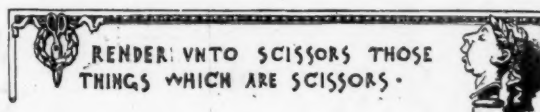
At this announcement demoralization swept ruthlessly over the Convention, and a majority of the delegates cast their votes for corruption and Jingoism.

They arose *en masse*, and assassinated the party to which they owed allegiance.

They nominated James G. Blaine for President.

Thus ends the Republican Convention of '84, and thus ends the Republican Party!

CARLYLE SMITH.



THE SILVER LINING.

MRS. BLANK—"Ah, Jim, our—"
Mr. Blank—"Oh, Mary, the news is—"
Mrs. Blank—"Why, who told you?"
Mr. Blank—"I saw it in the paper; the bank has—"
Mrs. Blank—"The bank; why what has that to do with—"
Mr. Blank—"Why you know the panic will—"
Mrs. Blank—"Who's talking about panics? Who cares for panics? Baby's cut a tooth."—*Philadelphia Call*.

—The United States has nearly three times as many doctors as England and nearly four times as many as France in proportion to the population. Does this redundancy of Doctors in the United States account for the small proportion of the population?—*Boston Transcript*.

It is estimated by those who think they know, that an Episcopal clergyman can put one little idea into more words than any other person on the footstool.—*Transcript*.

A MISER'S SCHEME.

"YES," said one of the company, when the conversation turned upon misers, "Smith was the most miserly man I ever saw."
"Indeed!"
"Oh, he was dreadful. He always got drunk when he was going to count his money."
"What for?"
"So that he would see double, you know."—*Somerville Journal*.

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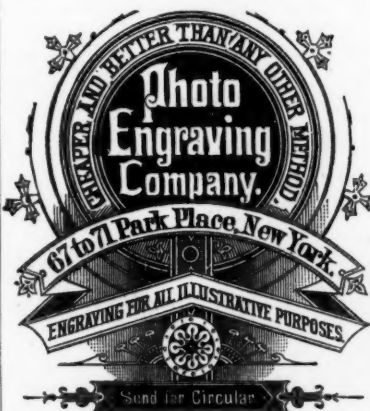
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Waiter: "A Codfish and cream—fifteen cents."
I. A.: "And how much for the codfish, ah, plain?"

Waiter: "Same price, sir."
I. A.: "Waitah, bring me some, ah, cream."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

THE BITTER BITTEN.

AUSTERE PEDAGOGUE (to small boy): "Boy, you speak very indistinctly. Do n't your friends ever tell you so?"

Small Boy: "No, sir; they're not so rude!"—*Moonshine.*

RECIPROCITY.

"Vat? You have never been in France, meess? Zen 'ow are you arrived at so vell speaking ze French?"

"Oh, well, monsieur, at school, you know, the girl who sat next to me at dinner used to eat my fat, and I used to do her French exercise for her; so I got lots of practice!"—*Funch.*

THERE is more theology and logic on tap in the brain of the small boy than in that of the dignified D.D., and it is n't every man who wears a seven and a quarter hat that gets the best of him.

"The lions did n't like Daniel, did they?" asked "Shavey Head" of his well-posted papa.

"Oh, yes, they did. The Lord made the lions like him, so they would n't hurt him."

"Well, when God makes me like anything, I eat it, I do."

"Yes, yes. Go away, child. He made the lions hate Daniel."

"Then why did n't they bite him?"—*Hartford Post.*

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AN infant found in the street in New York the other night, was named John Kelly Samuel Tilden Cox. There is a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children in New York, too!—*Norristown Herald*.

A CROWDED horse car. Enter Mrs. Mulcahey with a jug. Mr. Mahoney, who is seated, facetiously—"Wud I hould the whiskey for yez, Mithress Mulcahey?" Mrs. M. (with withering sarcasm—"Thank yez kindly sor; but yer have all ye can hould now, I'm thinkin'."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

THE BARTHOLDI STATUE.

In the ages to come, in the ages
When our grandchildren are all grown,
In the last of decrepitude's stages
Our Statue will stand on its stone.

And one item should not be neglected—
Hence *Puck* suggests raising a hoard—
By the time the pedestal's erected,
The statue had best be restored. —*Puck*.

"Do you play very much nowadays, Miss Smith?" he asked, as they seated themselves after a waltz.

"Only occasionally," she replied. "I have neglected my music shamefully of late, and am getting quite out of practice."

"I was passing your house last evening," he went on, "and stood at the gate for a moment to hear you play. Instead of getting out of practice, I think you are improving—if any improvement is possible," he added, politely.

"Last evening?" she asked.

"Yes; about nine o'clock."

"You are mistaken. I was at the opera last evening," she said, in a strained voice, as she accepted an invitation to dance from another gentleman. "It was the man tuning the piano you heard."—*Drake's Travelers' Magazine*.

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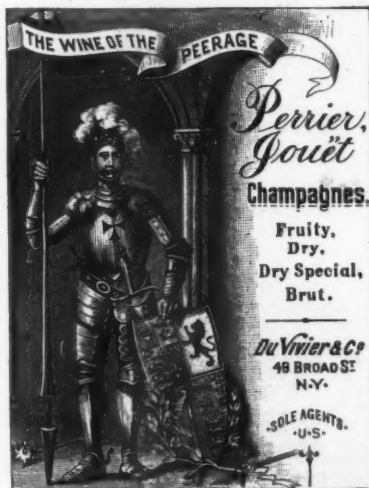
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